

Parents

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Category: How to Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians

Genre: Family

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2014-02-10 00:41:31

Updated: 2014-06-10 00:00:13

Packaged: 2016-04-26 17:45:41

Rating: K+

Chapters: 6

Words: 11,820

Publisher: [www.fanfiction.net](http://www.fanfiction.net)

Summary: Hiccup and Jack take in a child they'd been watching over for some time. She died of a heart attack and she is brought back for whatever reason. Now they choose to raise her as their own. Self explanatory title, HiJack or FrostCup, whatever you call it.

## 1. Chapter 1

**\*\*It was a dream.\*\***

\* \* \*

><p><p>

The two boys sat on the floor next to the sleeping child. The little girl stirred a little as the younger male stroked her hair but soon returned to a peaceful sleep.

The little girl's name was Eli. She never spoke to anyone but Kanel, her caretaker for now, and it was obvious she wasn't mute. Often she'd sing alone in her room or play a few video games and laugh every time a teammate died; she'd even play this one really annoying game called Flappy Bird. Jack hated that game. It was impossible, it was hard to believe she'd get anywhere around 98. Eli also had a heart problem, much like another kid in the orphanage.

Though now, Eli was sound asleep, no one could wake her. Not now. She shifted and coughed but never seemed to wake up. Soon, her sweet dreams faded away. Eli coughed and sat up. Her chest began to hurt again. This time it wouldn't go away. Eli coughed again and took deep breaths like Kanel always told her to do. It didn't work this time. So Eli stood up, began cleaning the room, sat on the bed and stared out the window. The moon was bright and full tonight, it made her feel calm. It made her feel like there was someone there, watching over her. The room was clean and all the gaming consoles were already put away before she'd slept so Eli rested her head against the cold window.

The night faded away into the daylight. Kanel walked in the room, expecting a totally messy chaos and a laughing Eli. All she saw was a cleaned up room with a completely silent little girl on her bed, leaning against the window. She walked closer to the little girl and held her hand. She was really cold.

"Eli," Kanel whispered. She didn't answer. "Eli." No answer. "ELI." The little girl was as silent as the night. "ELI!" The panicked screams rang through the halls and frightened the volunteers and a little boy sitting in his room, reading. No one wanted to bother Kanel, though.

Kanel picked her up and ran out of the room, occasionally bumping into some others.

"Victor, call an ambulance!" The man didn't need to be told twice. The panic in Kanel's voice was enough.

There were sirens in the distance and the kids outside were going out onto the sidewalk and wondering who that was for. The ambulances pulled up as well as the police cars. The kids stared at the men for what seemed like forever. They stared at the gurney that had Eli and they watched as the paramedics took her to the ambulance.

"Maybe she had another heart attack." Policemen and paramedics were headed towards the orphanage where Kanel stood. Eli was barely alive around that time, she was breathing hard and the pain doubled since last night. The policemen did some questioning and they were finally off.

**\*\*Laterâ€|\*\***

"I doubt she'd make it. Her heart is working too hard; we can't seem to do much about it." Kanel nodded.

"Wellâ€| Could I see her then?" The man nodded and let her in the room.

"Eli," Kanel said. The little girl smiled at her.

"Duh herro," she said as always. "Is there something I can help you with?"

"No, butâ€|"

"Did he tell you I was dying?" Kanel slightly nodded.

"Well, something along those lines." Eli sighed but smiled.

"You know, I always dreamed of going out into the woods all on my own, having no heart problems whatsoever, and then I'd die by running into a tree. It wasn't a nightmare, I actually woke up laughing. It didn't seem all that painful, I just ran into a tree because I was stupid and I just died. It was funny. The way now, it hurtsâ€| I wish I could've died by a tree." Eli laughed but was soon silenced and now only the heart monitor could be heard. And its long drawn out **\*\*\_beeeeeeeep \_\*\***was annoying as hell. Seriously, someone needed to turn that thing off.

**\*\*That nightâ€| \*\***

Eli sat up in the hospital bed. Her head hurt and so did her chest.

"Eli," she looked around like a drowsy little puppy and spotted a boy around the age of 14 waving at her and smiling at her.

"Hm?" She yawned and rubbed her eyes. It was like she'd been sleeping for a year. The boy walked over to her, picked her up and held her like a fragile little bear.

He stood at the windowsill, looked back, and jumped off, taking the little spirit back home.

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>I know, I know, sucky story. But I was bored and originally it was for my entertainment. XD Sorry.<strong>

## 2. Chapter 2

**\*\*Duh herro. I'm currently obsessed with this so... Expect me to be updating this a lot... XuX Yey!\*\***

**\*\*Uh, not entirely sure if I said this already, HiJack. Hiccup's the mother, Jack's the father. \*\***

**\* \* \***

><p><strong>~Eli's PoV~<strong>

No one really ever told me that I was to be adoptedâ€| Well, a lot of parents considered because I was a sane little girl. However calm, I was weak, a waste of everything. According to my father and all the children in the orphanage, I was a worthless little thing, a complete waste of time, a mistake.

I never understood why anyone would adopt me. Not after learning all that. I was so excited when I died. I was so excited to finally relieve the world of my existence. I was so happy that everyone else was. Kanel once told me that one death can change so many lives. I was sure mine had a positive effect. Everyone was much happier, much more excited.

So imagine how scared and angry I was when I was finally adopted. Imagine how upset I was to find myself awake in someone's arms calling me their daughter. I thought they'd see me as I finally was and leave me alone. It wasn't like I had enough punishment anyways.

\_What if the pain and suffering of loneliness was my punishment for leaving?\_I wondered.

I never really talked to these people I were to call "Mother" and "Father". I couldn't speak around them.

"Eli," Dad said. I shivered in answer. At the moment, he saw me in my room with a lit lamp, drawing someone.

Yes, I was drawing someone. I had his face in my head, I remember it. I only had to guess at the body. I guess just seeing the man's face intimidated him. He looked so angry and scared, kind of how I did my first day with them.

"Eli" However calm he tried to sound, I could hear his fear. "Who is that?" I shrugged. Should I or should I not speak my first words in front of them?

"Pitch" My voice was low, quiet, like I never spoke at all. But Dad heard me, because he tensed and gently took the drawing from me. No matter how calm or gentle he was, judging by how cold it became, he was angry. "I'm sorry" He seemed to calm down and sighed.

"I'm not mad at you," he said. "Now where have you seen this man?" I set the things down and sighed. Well it wasn't like I could get out of this now...

"Nightmares..." I mumbled. "I had nightmares and he was there, telling me how I'd be abandoned again." Jack laughed, somewhat amused.

"Don't believe it. We love you too much to let you go."

A while later, Dad gave me a voodoo doll and explained to me what it was and why I had to hide it. It was supposedly my life in a doll. If it strikes the heart, I'm dead. I wasn't supposed to lose it or let anyone touch it if they knew it was even there. He gave me a scarf to hide it and I made sure I never let it stay in clear view.

\* \* \*

<p><strong>A year later" </strong>

"Eat a cookie!" Eli grew just a little. She was 8 now and learned a lot from her parents. Jack told her to never eat a cookie from the elves. And she'd witnessed one of them spitting one back out. It was disgusting.

Eli was actually hiding from her father. He decided it was a great idea to play hide and seek with her and she wound up here some how and now she's hiding from him. Along the way she passed Burgess... And something very important was lost for some time.

\*\*Eli's PoV\*\*

"Uncle North, do you ever see your elves spitting out the cookies they make you?"

"No, why?"

"Because there's slimy stuff all over a chewed up cookie on the plate you took that cookie from. That's why." North looked at the plate and the chewed up cookie was gone but the evidence of the slimy stuff was still there.

"That is gross," North muttered.

"And you ate one. But at least you don't get sick." I looked around the room and grabbed the staff I'd been crafting. Suddenly every part of my body hurt but I had no idea why. Maybe it was just some stupid side effect from the heart problem I had a long time ago. I'm over it now, I think. I don't know, I don't have any heart failures anymore but Mom never wants me to get active until he's sure I'm okay.

"And that isâ€|?"

"I dunno, Dad said I should make my own weapon but I have no powers. I guess I'm just gonna fight with a fancy stick."

"Oh come on, you frost things over all the time. And everything you touch always turns into one of those gaming systems."

"That's only when I'm boredâ€|"

"Yes, but it is helpful for me because the children around the world now all want those new gaming systems."

"Yeah, but they're for violent games! What about Kingdom Hearts or Final Fantasy? I don't like their \_fun \_games nowadays. If it's violent why not give them a slobbered cookie?" Dad burst in through the door right when I made a fire truck turn into a 3DS but he didn't see me. Mostly because I was in the far corner of the room and he was focused on Uncle North at the moment.

"NORTH!"

"I'm right here, Jack, no need to yell." I hid behind Uncle North's desk and stared at the device. It was small.

"Where's Eli?" Dad sounded slightly panicked but seeing as to how Uncle North saw me hide, I could only assume he shrugged for there was no answer.

"I have not seen your little girl today. Is something the matter?" Dad seemed to panic even more.

"Oh nononononononoâ€|" I reached for the small blue and white voodoo doll that usually hung around my neck but it wasn't there anymore. That wasn't a good thingâ€|" "Do you know what I found in the snow? Abandoned in the snow where anyone, maybe even Pitch could've reached it! IN BURGESS! Jamie stepped on it!" Ohâ€| Maybe that's what hurt meâ€|

"What? What did you find?" Uncle North seemed worried now.

"It was the voodoo doll, North. You know that thing that keeps Eli alive!"

"She must have been playing in the fields againâ€|"

"North please tell me she's here!" I knew enough was enough when Dad was really worried. "I don't know if it was stabbed or not, it just looks out of shape, so please tell me she's here!" I crawled out of my hiding place and smiled at Dad.

"Duh herro!" I couldn't even count a second before Dad was hugging me like he just saved me from dying... Well he technically did.

"How many times do I have to tell you to make sure your voodoo is secure before you leave?" He scolded putting the voodoo back on the light blue chain around my neck. He tied a black scarf around my neck to hide it and sighed.

"Sorry, Dadâ€¦" I muttered.

"Parents," Uncle North chuckled.

"Dadâ€¦" I started. He made a sound to signalize that he was listening. I took the staff off Uncle North's desk and was about to speak beforeâ€¦

"North, I'm gonna take Eli home now, okay?" Uncle North nodded. Dad hug/carried me and I watched Uncle North's figure get smaller and smaller, fading into the distance before Dad finally left the workshop into the cold, cold, blizzard.

\* \* \*

><p><strong>I actually fell asleepâ€¦<strong>

\_"\*\*"Don't live so happily for so long." Oh no, it was him, again...  
"Your parents are going to abandon you. It'll replay over and over again and do you want to know why?" \*\*\_

\_"\*\*"I think the thought of it all happening again is enough for me." He didn't listen. Instead, the images of my parents leaving me alone in a blizzard kept replaying. \*\*\_

\_"\*\*"It's because you're a worthless little thing. Waste of time. You're the worst thing to live, you should take that voodoo doll and kill yourself now." He sounded like a hater on the internet. Yes, I know what the internet is. Don't hate. \*\*\_

\_"\*\*"It's not like I don't know that," I muttered. The man laughed and the images became more violent to the point I was being abused and then...\*\*\_

I'm here awake now, walking through the cave, looking for something to do. In the middle of the night. I wish I had the gaming systems but Uncle North always keeps them in his office for me to play on whenever we visit.

Because I had some stupid heart problem as a human, Mom doesn't let me go out much in fear I might still have it. I won't die from it but from her words, he doesn't want me to be hurting for hours on end. I'm also forbidden to play horror games. Instead, I get to go to Jamie's house with Dad and we get to watch PewDiePie behind his back. We also get to watch Markiplier or Tobuscus, maybe even Yamimash if we can!

I don't curse unless I'm angry.

Well back to business, I walked into my parents' room and they were sleeping, back to back. There was some room, maybe I could squeeze in? I'm still tired but I'm scared of waking them up...

So I decided to lay on the floor right next to the bed and tried to

fall asleep there. I should be glad that the floor is covered with thin, smooth ice and a carpet because I'd have a headache if the floor was all rocks. I can understand because Dad's also barefoot and it's painful to walk on rocks barefooted. The wind doesn't really support us in the cave. The carpet was soft and cold but I had some sense of safety for some reason. Maybe it was because I was close to my parents.

I didn't exactly notice my mom wake up but I soon found out when he accidentally stepped on me (He didn't put much weight in the step yet) and I squeaked like a mouse. He cursed and picked me up. He also began to panic when I was unresponsive but I was tired, okay? He was quickly blurting out apologies.

"Mooooom..." I whined. "'m tired..." He seemed to smile and he set me down in the bed between him and Dad and hugged me. It was probably to make me feel safe... and warm.

Dad turned around and hugged us both. I really wanted to scream, "FAMILY SANDWICH HUG" but it was \_the middle of the night \_and we were \_trying to sleep\_. So I just snuggled into the warm and cold hug (it was a nice feeling actually) and go to sleep, with a better dream than earlier.

### 3. Chapter 3

\*\*... I have no words. Eli just too innocent to know what the hell is going on with her parents awwww X3 By the way, I changed it... Eli doesn't know who the hell Jamie is...\*\*

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up in the middle of the night another day. I was alone in my room and I heard Mom screaming. I grabbed my staff and walked slowly to Mom and Dad's room. I opened the door slightly. Dad as hugging Mom in an awkward position under the blanket. They looked funny.<p>

I shrugged and let the door close as quietly as possible. I didn't want to disturb Dad in his comforting... I was pretty sure he was comforting Mom. What else could they be doing? It couldn't be bad, right? Mom probably had a scary nightmare.

I shrugged and headed to the mouth of the cave. Another blizzard. I sighed. Mom screamed again and I flinched slightly, forgetting he was scared. Then I remembered and sighed.

I forgot why I left my room but I realized that it happened to be too hot in my room. So I stayed where I was and caught the quickly falling snow into my hands. The flakes melted at the contact of my hand so I left it out a little longer until my hand was back to its normal cold temperature. I was tempted to go outside but I couldn't fly. I had to rely on Dad to fly at all times unless I \_could \_fly but I just didn't know! I didn't want to try to find out so I just sat there. And soon... I fell asleep.

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up to Dad shaking me awake. Mom was probably still in

their room. I didn't mind.<p>

"What are you doing here?" Dad asked, worried. I shrugged.

"It was hot... I didn't like it so I slept out here." Dad hugged me, and picked me up. He was warm. It was unusual...

"Well let's go play at Burgess, 'kay?" I nodded. I was still tired and my head hurt from sleeping against the stone wall. "Hey, Eli, do you trust us?" I remember...

\*\*\_"Eli... Do you trust us?" Dad asked kneeling to my height. I looked down at the floor, unresponsive. He smiled and hugged me. Tight like a scared kid holding his teddy bear. I sighed. and hugged him back. "We love you, Eli. You know that, right?" I nodded and closed my eyes. I liked it when Daddy hugged me. It was warm... I liked it.\_\*\*

\*\*\_"I love Daddy and Mommy, too..." I murmured quietly. "They love me and they won't abandon me." Dad nodded, pulled back, smiled at me, and kissed my forehead. \_\*\*

\*\*\_"Good... Now, do you wanna build a snowman?" I nodded and jumped up and down excitedly. Dad laughed and picked me up. "Let's go to Burgess, kiddo." \_\*\*

I nodded.

"I still love Mommy and Daddy... Do you still love me?" I asked/answered.

"Obviously. Come on, let's go to Burgess." I closed my eyes and Dad took off for Burgess.

\* \* \*

><p>I woke up in a bed. It was the afternoon and there were kids crowding all around me and Dad. A pair of twins, a girl in a tutu (large and in charge), a skinny girl with a beanie, a blonde kid with glasses, a brunette (who was Jamie as Dad said) and a little blonde girl who looked to be the age of 6. I didn't know them... What if one of them was a kid from the orphanage? I closed my eyes again and tried to look calm.<p>

"You had a kid, Jack? Was it with one of the Guardians?"

"No. We adopted her, actually. Hiccup wanted her." I yawned and pressed into Dad's hold, trying to get farther away from the other kids. "This is Elizabeth Elenai Frost and she's my daughter."

"How long have you had her?"

"About a year."

"Can I hold her?" A girl asked. I felt Dad shift and soon I was in someone else's arms. "She's so calm..."

"Usually." I felt like I was being passed around but the next person to hold me hugged me tight. Dad. I smiled and fell asleep again. I know, stupid.



\* \* \*

><p>"She slept all day," I heard Dad laugh. "Such a sleepy head..."<p>

"I know, but Eli wouldn't be Eli if she didn't sleep all the time." I was sandwiched in between Mom and Dad. Mom was hugging me and Dad was hugging Mom, like always. I loved their relationship. The entire world says it should be females and males only but their relationship basically screams, "SCREW NORMAL WE'RE GOING OUR OWN WAY" and I love it. So much.

Despite having slept all day, the headache got worse and I wanted to go back to sleep. Dad put a hand to my forehead and the cold seemed to calm my head down a little. I could feel a cough rise up my chest and I was so ready to grab my jacket and cough in it. And I did just that. God my throat hurt, too...

#### 4. Chapter 4

\*\*Hai.

><strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Today was a rather eventful day. We woke up, my headache was gone, and Dad said we'd take a walk in some deep dark forest. Fun. I think I was more worried about who'd be there than what we were doing.<p>

"Daddy won't let anything happen to you. I promise," Dad said reassuringly. And I took his word for it.

So Dad took me and Mom out into the woods for a walk. According to Dad, walks in the woods are fun. I brought some books along with me and Dad called me a bookworm.

"It's like you were born right from your mother!" Did it really seem like it? I watched Mom shove Dad off to the side and they began to wrestle each other to the ground. Mom called mercy but Dad really didn't listen to him. So I just decided to leave the books behind as well as my voodoo. I couldn't risk getting it stabbed by some stupid stick. I'd rather get maimed physically and heal overtime rather than die off. Mom and Dad wouldn't like that. Not at all.

They began to play with each other. Like little kids. I smiled and began to climb the tallest tree I could find, and then I heard everything quiet down. Then Dad yelled.

"ELI!" I looked around, not even halfway up the tree, why is Dad so panicked? I jumped back down to the ground and sighed.

\_So much for climbing a tree... Why'd you stop wrestling? \_I walked back to where Dad and Mom were. They weren't there anymore. My stuff was gone, too. Maybe they'd taken it with them. But why'd they leave me behind?

"Daddy?" I called out. There was no answer. The realization hit me, I

was all alone in the woods. Maybe they went back home... How cruel... "MOTHER!" I yelled. "MOMMY! DADDY!" There was no answer.

I willed the tears away, drowned out the sadness and betrayal with a not-so-comforting thought.

\_It's okay... They were bound to get tired of me anyways... \_I sighed. \_But what was that? Why did Dad call for me? \_I didn't know... I supposed Dad probably wanted me to see that they'd gone and left me behind.

"ELI!" I ignored the person and sighed, kicking a stone every five seconds, waiting for something, \_someone\_ to find me and tell me that everything was okay. Believe it or not, I felt so betrayed. I mean come on, a year of living with me and when I finally trust them, they seemed to have dumped me out into the woods. Is that what this entire walk was for? To make things even worse, they'd taken my books and source of entertainment. HOW CRUEL IS THAT?!

I sighed and walked along the woods, unknowingly, closer to the voice that had screamed my name. I walked, and walked, and walked, until the sun began to set.

"I wouldn't keep my hopes up if I were you, your parents are long gone," A voice said. I ignored everything and everyone. The man who talked to me scowled yet still followed me. I know I really don't seem to care, but I already miss my Mom and Dad. I want them to come back for me and take me home.

I stepped into a clearing, looking down all the way and bumped into someone. I fell on my bum and looked up at whoever I bumped in to. He wore a green shirt, a black open jacket, black jeans, and black combat boots. His hair was dark green and his eyes were both different colors. One was green and the other was black. The boy had a pen in his jacket pocket as well.

"Should I assume you ran away from home?" He asked looking at me. He helped me stand up and looked off to the far side. I eyed the pen suspiciously. I've read enough Percy Jackson books to know that is NOT a regular pen! Every pen would be kept in a backpack or a pencil pouch if it were a regular pen, only teachers hold their pens with them and it's clipped onto their jackets!

Wait I was over thinking that one. He held the pen up and waved it around.

"Rawr, it's a scary pen. Calm down kid, I only use it for defense," he laughed.

"Talk about Percy Jackson and then tell me about it," I replied. The boy chuckled and ruffled my hair.

"It is quite similar, isn't it? Well I did try to make them similar. But this thing doesn't go through mortals, it actually kills them, too. Kinda like Luke's sword but it's not magic." I shrugged and held out a hand.

"Hi, I'm Eli. 8 years of age, died with Angina," I introduced. "Abandoned not five minutes ago, pleasure to meet you."

"Well, it's nice to meet you, Eli, my name is Colin, 16 years of age, died by murder," Colin smiled. "I'm sure you have people to find, right? I'll go with you, so you don't get hurt."

"I've watched Corpse Party and I know that's not a good idea."

"Relax, I won't take a pair of scissors and stab you with them. Geez, I'm not like that."

"Promise?"

## 5. Chapter 5

**\*\*Hai.** This chapter is actually really long and I'm sorry 'bout that but there's a lot going on in the spring time for Eli and I have to cramp this all in one chapter, so you know I can put in four seasons and a year. Like you know, Spring one year summer the next year all the year after that, I'm skipping a lot but that's because what happens to Eli for most of the school year really is boring. It's all lessons. I swear.\*\*

**\*\*This** isn't going to be 100 chapters because I'm making long chapters but I'll try to get to at least 20 or 40. **\*\***

**\*\*Warning:** Memory Loss, probably some feels, real life events crashed into this story, long chapter, beware. And just so you know, I've been updating on my quotev so that's why I haven't been up-to-date on here.

><strong>

\* \* \*

><p>I'm pretty sure I didn't fall asleep in some person's house. I'm sure I didn't have blueish-grey hair when I fell asleep. I'm pretty sure I didn't have silver-blue eyes. But that's just me. The bandage was still wrapped around my head. It was under my bangs and around the back of my head just under the rubber band that tied my hair up.<p>

I looked to be about 11-12 years old for who-knows-why. Last time I checked, I was 8. I should be 9 right now. But nope, I aged 2-3 years. What in the world.

"Oh hey, you're awake. Remember anything? You hit your head pretty hard," the boy told me. I stared at him for just a second before rubbing the back of my head and sighing.

"I dunno. I remember being sleepy for most of the time, hitting my head against a sharp stone and being with my mom but that's about it." The door burst open but no one was there. It just closed right off and I was kinda staring at it for a while.

"Hold on, I'm gonna go get my mom, she'll take care of you, 'kay? In the meantime, I gotta go curse someone." He didn't even seem to care that his door just randomly burst open. He just shrugged it off and said he was going to curse someone. That didn't sound abnormal at all.

"Jamie, calm Sophie down, she's squealing again."

"Okay, but Mom, the girl's awake," "Jamie" said before leaving. I yawned and rubbed my eyes. The lady in front of me smiled and patted my head. It didn't hurt but it was weird having some stranger pat my head.

"Do you remember who your mom and dad are? Maybe we'll be able to find them." I shook my head. She couldn't find them. "You don't remember your parents?"

"I remember them, Miss," I said sadly. "But they're dead."

\* \* \*

><p>I listened as Jamie talked to someone silent. And invisible... But this guy was definitely here.<p>

"No, Jack, I can't do anything about it." Pause. "They'll recognize her, I know, but we can't do much besides getting her to school." Pause. "I know, I know you hate that idea. But I'll be there, okay?"

Pause. "\_Jack\_", enough, holy crap. She'll be fine." Pause. Long pause. Very, very long pause. "I know you're worried, she's your daughter I get it. But she'll be \_fine\_. She has me and Sophie!"

"Jamie, lunch! And go take your friend shopping! She has to get ready for school tomorrow!" Mrs. Bennett called from downstairs.

"Okay, Mom!" Jamie walked into the room and shivered. The room felt like the temperature dropped at least 30 degrees in the spring. I was wearing a grey jacket with blue "frost" designs all over the shoulders and arms. Beautiful hoodie.

"Hey, Eli, do you remember who your parents were?" Jamie asked.

"Yeah, I remember them," I said.

"See, Jack? She remembers you!" He said to no one I could see.

"But even so, whoever you're talking to is invisible to me," I said sadly. "I don't know why. I mean, I believe, I remember everything so clearly, I know he exists but I can't see him. I only know he's here because it's cold." I shrugged and walked out of the room. The cold followed me.

"But he can still communicate with you, right?" Jamie asked following me.

"Depends on if he's smart enough to know what to do. Otherwise, he's out of luck. Seriously, there's nothing I can do to fix his problem."

"Don't you miss being with your parents, at least?" I tugged at the voodoo doll hanging around my neck.

"I guess so... I don't remember much other than being in a cave and

walking in on something highly inappropriate for kids." Jamie flinched and yelled "ow" so I had to assume Jack yelled.

"He's freaking out, now," Jamie muttered while I laughed at his misery. I guess not being able to see or hear someone is a good thing.

"Hey, Jamie!" A few other kids my age called out. "Who's the new girl?" I recognized them as the children who cooed over me when I was 8.

"You met her before. This is Elizabeth Frost. You know, Jack's daughter." They all gaped at me as if I were some deformed hippo. Or a unicorn... Whichever one works.

"That is not Eli. Jack said she died at the age of 8. She shouldn't be 12," Beanie girl said.

"Uh, that is definitely Eli. Look at her face. And she has the voodoo and everything," Glasses kid said.

"Frosty!" Sophie giggled. "Ice!" I smiled sadly at her.

"I can't do it, sorry, Sophie." She pouted and tugged on my jacket sleeve.

"Ice ice ice!"

"Dad?" I pleaded.

"He said it's out of his hands. It's spring and he's not allowed to do anything," Jamie said as I sighed. Dad's really mean...

"Sorry, Sophie, you can't have your ice until winter." Sophie pouted but nodded and hopped into Jamie's arms. I laughed and shook my head. "Sorry, Kiddo, but that's the way life is." The voice that came from me was not mine. So the first thing I thought was, what the heck jut happened? No one else seemed to notice. So I shrugged it off and we all headed to Wal-Mart where we were supposed to buy school supplies.

Supposed to. I ended up staring at jackets all the time while Jamie picked out my school supplies (which I feel really bad about). But hey, he picked out some really cool stuff. Blue mechanical pencils, black notebooks, paper (that's not really cool but hey, it's good for drawing and writing), and last but not least, a messenger bag that said: **\*\*\_Beware my Ballpoint Pen\_\*\***. It was all blue and white and let me just say that I LOVED IT!

"Jack picked that one out for you. Be happy, people were freaking out about a ghost in Wal-Mart because he found it first." Jamie laughed like an evil maniac before sighing and returning to normal.

"You're weird but weird is awesome," I stated. Jamie laughed and I lifted up my backpack and announced in a "deep gruff" voice, "BEWARE MY BALLPOINT PEN!" I rearranged the straps on the bag so that it as cling on to my back like a one strap backpack. Jamie paid for the things (and I had to figure out how I was supposed to pay Mrs. Bennett back one day) and as soon as he did, I put the school supplies in the bag and we left. It looked like Wal-Mart had its own

school for kids when I left.

\* \* \*

><p>The next day was a school day. Let's just say that I wasn't really excited. There were other kids my age. Don't get me wrong, I guess being social is fun but really, I'd like to be alone, isolated. I hate making friends and I guess it's because they have their ability to hurt me physically. They can do whatever and get away with it pinning the blame on someone else. I refused to take a ride with Jamie's mom since I already felt like I was wasting her time and money already.<p>

Frost appeared on the nearby windows I walked past and each message always tried to cheer me up. One of them really made me happy and that one said: \*\*\_Mommy's here. \_\*\*

I was really happy when I saw that, you wouldn't even know. I missed my mom. I kept on walking with my voodoo jumping around within each step I took. I made it to school wearing a jacket and everyone looked at me like I was crazy.

"Welcome to the only middle school in Burgess, Eli," I muttered to myself. "It's where all the teen girls freak out about the weirdest things and where you get to be bullied until your parents have the heart to take you back." The wind slapped at the back of my head and I knew I pissed Dad off.

"Hey, look at the new girl!" A girl mocked.

"She looks like a freak."

"She's wearing a scarf in spring."

"She's really weird..."

"Look at her hair."

"Oh my god, and why is she so pale?"

"She looks like she has an illness." Everyone just kept on blabbing about how I looked and all that stuff.

"Hey, Eli!" Jamie called from the crowd. He looked so proud to be my friend for some reason and some of the other girls who were talking crap about me, laughing at me and pointing at me just kinda looked jealous for some reason. I was obviously confused and as we passed by them, they muttered, "Stupid."

"Jamie's gonna take you to his Pre-Algebra class. You're in 7th grade, and your last name is Key, got it?" Glasses kid, Monty, said. I shrugged and nodded.

"Sure. Elizabeth Key?"

"Yep! I should assume you at least know your multiplication and division, right?"

"I lived with Mom for a year. He keeps giving me math classes like a normal kid. Of course I know my math. I just didn't make it to the

6th grade math..."

"What?"

"Oh you know, Mom didn't teach me that kind of stuff yet since I was like 8 but then something happened and I grew up! And now I have the intelligence of an 8 year old," I trailed off. "When it comes to math, that is..."

"Don't worry, Jamie will help you, right, Jamie?" Tutu girl, Cupcake, asked. She sounded slightly threatening but that's what friends do, I think.

"Of course! Come on, Eli, we're gonna be late!" And there we went, Jamie dragged me to his Pre-Algebra class. Yay for math...

\* \* \*

><p>Surprisingly, it was really easy. I can say that for sure. I had to leave an extra pencil out for Dad so that he could write messages and <em>not<em> freak people out. And while I sat next to Jamie who was muttering things under his breath so he could talk to Dad without getting in trouble.

"Eli, can you tell me how to solve this problem?" The teacher pointed at the math question on the board. Four to the second power by four to the fifth power. I rolled my eyes at her question.

"Keep the base the same and add the exponents," I replied, not looking up at her after the answer. My voice was deeper than most girls' voices and instead of cowering back, I kinda sounded a little too confident with my answer.

"That's correct." I sighed and stared at the \*\_Homework \_\*\*board. Page 214 #6-26 evens. I turned to the page and nodded in approval. It was just as easy as sneaking out of the cave when Mom and Dad are busy in the blacksmith shop in the deeper end. I guess Mom missed home a little so he decided to make a blacksmith shop there.

It was really dark and hot in there. Dark because usually the fire isn't on and hot because of the fire that is on in the day. Yeah, I know it's confusing but think about it and it won't be as confusing anymore.

It was 12:34 P.m. Homework time. Well as Mom always said: \_Homework Time is Fun Time. \_

"Do you get it, Eli?" Jamie asked. Of course I understood it. It's as easy as Old English.

\_... I need to stop reading Zoe Nightshade fanfictions. \_I went over to my homework and at 12:49 I was finished and ready to read a book. So I took out "The Lost Hero" by Rick Riordan. Yay, Leo.

The pencil next to me rose and a message was being written down. Jamie poked my side and pointed at the paper in between us.

\*\_You're too much like your mother. Are you sure you weren't born from him? \_\*\*

"As much as I wish that were true, no, Dad," I answered quietly. I could see Dad nodding his head and the pencil was writing down some more words. I'm pretty sure Mom made Dad learn to write for times like these. Remember when I said Mom was over-prepared? Yeah, this is one of those things that kinda makes my statement true.

\*\*\_Eli- \_\*\*The paper was snatched from the table as the bell rang. Oh I hated that bell. It's like it's saying \*\*\_"GET YOUR ASSES OUT OF YOUR SEATS, IT'S TIME TO GO TO YOUR NEXT CLASS, MOVE IT MAGGOTS" \_\*\*or it could just be me. There was a huge dark line going from the middle section of the page and to the bottom. Jamie scowled at the girls who were holding the paper.

"Getting to know the hobo?" Somehow that became my nickname after they found out that Jamie found me buried in the snow. It's not the worst nickname. I bet you if they named me "Hiccup" Dad would be laughing because that would prove his statement true. I am much like the my mother now.

"She's not a hobo, J-"

"Leave it," I said to Jamie who only protested and I took the paper back. "Notes from my dad," I began. "He talked to me all the time before I had to move away. He's somewhere else right now." They feigned sympathy, laughed, and shoved me onto the floor whereas I only stood up and dusted myself off.

"Eli-"

"Don't worry about them. When I go back home, I'm gonna send the harshest winters to them so that they can't even wear their designer clothing." I laughed like an evil person, grabbed my bag and we headed for our S.T.E.A.M class.

\* \* \*

><p>It turns out, there are more bullies in S.T.E.A.M than there are in our math class. Go figure. We were making guitars. Yay, guitars! But I'm working with a horrible teacher. One of our teammates made a cardboard rock-acoustic guitar and it looked awesome. It was uncolored, though. I thought about it for a second before grabbed some paint and I made the guitar light blue mixed with black and it looked like the Blue Exorcist colors. All in all, this guitar was awesome.<p>

The teacher, however, kept criticizing our work, saying it was smeared here and there (granted that was her fault for touching it before it dried) and then she said I did a horrible paint job. The room got really cold but no one else seemed to notice. Some people just shivered and went back to their painting.

"What are you \_talking \_about?!" One of my group members snapped. "The paint looks bad \_now \_because it was \_your \_fault! Eli did a great job!" Yeah, I hated this teacher already.

All in all, we all had to redo the paint job while the teacher glared at us. And it made it worse with the fact that a couple of girls who were supposed to be great painters messed up our paint job \_again\_ and we had to redo it. It took all period to make it perfect once



again and I decided to leave the guitar in the Crime D. room since I trusted the tech teacher.

We all headed down to 8th period and I \_hoped \_it wouldn't be as bad as 7th period.

"I'm really sorry about that," Jamie said. "She judges people by how they look. If they look abnormal and stick out form the rest of the group, she'll pick on them. If they're defiant, she'll pick on them."

"I hate her so much," I muttered. "I don't care if I'm supposed to be a pacifist. I hope she gets run over by a bulldozer." Jamie laughed and patted my back.

"It's alright. Everyone wishes that." He stopped outside Room 8 so I had to guess this was our stop. "Well this is the only class we don't have together so I'll leave Jack with you and you stay here after the last bell rings. I'll come by and pick you up, 'kay?"

"You make it sound like we're dating," I stated simply. "But okay."

\* \* \*

><p>The room was rather loud.<p>

"CLASS!" The teacher yelled. They all shut up and looked at him, kinda like \_why did you interrupt us? \_Rude class. "This is our new student. Her name is-"

"Elizabeth."

"Do you have a last name?"

"She was homeless!" Someone called out. 45% of the class began to laugh because that's what mere human idiots believed. "She doesn't have a last name!"

"Frost," I snapped. They all stared at me and I crossed my arms and glared at them. "That's my last name. Elizabeth Elenai Frost. Do you idiots have a problem?" The whole class was silent. "What? Are you guys so popular that I shouldn't talk back? Gee, money really does make spoiled kids, doesn't it?" I took an isolated seat in the back of the class and let the teacher go on with his lesson.

I stared at the floating pencil next to me. The teacher was talking about Incas and stuff. I was reading off the book. Occasionally I'd doodle in my open notebook and write notes to my dad.

The last bell rang and everyone ran out of the door whereas three girls in designer clothes (wearing too strong perfume might I add) walked over to me and glared at me. While I just kinda sat there.

"Well it's the hobo from Math, girls." They sneered at me and I just kinda ignored them. Note: Kinda. I did curse them mentally but I just pulled my scarf up and stuffed my notebook into my \*\_Beware my Ballpoint Pen \_\*\*bag. I threw it over my shoulder and let it hang like a backpack.

I looked to my right and saw that the pencil was shaking. I grabbed a hold of it (most likely ripping it from my father's hand) and clipped it to the bag strap.

"Hi, Mr. Jensen!" A cheery voice greeted. "Where's Eli?"

"Making new friends," Mr. Jensen answered. I knew he couldn't really hear much, plus they were kinda talking in low voices.

"You think you're so brave, huh? Well let me give you a warning, brat. We rule this school-"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa," I cut in. "Save that crap for high school. Then you can tell someone that. But for now, jut stick to being your own little brats in Brat Wonderland and let me go home. I'm tired and I have homework to finish so if you'll excuse me," I stood up and made an attempt to leave the classroom but let's just say that shoe throwing is very popular in this school.

The room went cold. I knew my dad was pissed off. No, judging by the frost appearing in the room and the doors suddenly shutting, he was furious. He was so pissed off and I could easily tell because the girls were screaming. Snow was being thrown at them and the teacher was just kinda confused for a second.

The snow went away, the frost melted and the warmth came back. The girls were all wet, though. They wouldn't be dry any time soon until they got home.

"Eli, let's go before the girls report you for throwing water at them." Mr. Jensen patted my shoulder and smiled.

"Don't worry, I'll talk to the principal about it. You won't get in trouble, I promise. now have a good day." We nodded and left the room. The girls were screeching and complaining at Mr. Jensen who only acted as though he saw or heard nothing and that they had to go dry off.

\* \* \*

><p>Once again, I was walking home. It was cold today and the sidewalk was crowded of students. The streets reeked of urine and period. It's the time of month for a lot of girls, isn't it? Oh that's scary. It was in fact rather cold for spring. The temperature was under 50 and it looked like it was going to snow.<p>

It wasn't unusual in Burgess for it to snow, actually. So everyone seemed excited for it. While I, on the other hand, only began to miss home even more.

I wanted to see Mom again. I really did. I had nightmares now, all the time and I'd wake up in the cold. Sometimes I'd even look in the mirror and I'd see Mom and Dad there. Like that one scene in that Harry Potter movie where Harry saw his dead parents and they were smiling back at him in the mirror. That's basically what's been going on.

Sometimes I'd jut sit at the left edge of my bed and cry repeating the same words: \*\_I miss you, I love you, please take me home\_\*. I

didn't know how to get back home. Was I supposed to burn the doll and kill myself? Was I supposed to die in the cold and return to them? What was I supposed to do?

I felt so desperate at the time, really. I was looking for different ways to get back home. Within each passing school day, I'd smile less and less. I isolated myself from the people who helped me live life for a week. It wasn't enough. I wanted my mom and dad. That couldn't be too much to ask.

Yet, within each passing day, I was beginning to forget why I was feeling so sad. It started out small. First I'd forget for a minute or two and feel stupid about it, then it turned into hours, days, and now it's turning into weeks. I began to get used to living as a human, and I forgot who my parents were for too long.

Jamie would begin to freak out and he'd try to keep my memory in place by telling me everything and I was wondering how he'd known about it. Sometimes I'd remember them for a day or two and forget the next. And other times I'd be in bed wondering who was holding me from behind and who was hugging me and that person. I couldn't see them. I felt them, though. Like ghosts of people who wanted to touch people again.

I didn't mind. Sometimes I'd say things I didn't understand why I said them like, "Hi Mom, hi Dad" or "I miss you guys" or maybe even "When do I get to go home?" I began to forget everything and soon what was real faded and disappeared while a messed up replica came into my life.

Spring passed by very quickly, of which when there were delicate snowfalls had turned into blizzards and I could feel the sorrow within these storms. I didn't know why. There was just so much sadness, there was a little slap of anger as well.

There were more nightmares every day of two people I really didn't know. They weren't really nightmares, just dreams of some sorts that had me waking up, crying. Others of which a guy in a black dress was laughing and bragging about how he won. But what did he win?

\*\*\_"I won. I gave her the ability to see you when she's half-asleep. You were supposed to turn her back to normal months ago, why didn't you do it?" There it was, my either unconscious or dead body being held by the same guy I didn't know. \_\*\*

\*\*\_"What're you trying to accomplish from all this? Big deal, our daughter forgot us." Ouch, that hurt. "But that's not going to make us weak or sad." Okay, I've seen enough. "It'll only-" \_\*\*I woke up in the cold once again. I was deemed sick for the past two weeks, Jamie came into my room every day to give me the homework and I'd have it turned in the next day.

I stopped sleeping first. Sometimes I'd just be sitting next to the window and I'd be staring up at the sky. My skin was becoming pale from the cold and lack of sunlight and I could've sworn my hair turned white like snow for a few hours in the night.

Afterwards I stopped eating. I only drank water for a week. Then Jamie had to force some food down my throat.

"Eli, come on, Jack wants you to sleep."

"Why?!" I snapped.

"You don't just ask why Jack wants to you sleep-"

"You keep talking about him like he's real, Jamie!" I yelled. "Who the heck is Jack, why does he care if I'm starving and not sleeping, and how is he real?!"

"What's going on with you? He's your dad, Eli!" Jamie snapped back. I stood up and pointed at him, ready to start a ramble.

"I don't have a dad! I've been having these stupid dreams all week where there's two people I don't know and some random idiot wearing a dress! He's talking about how he won and they're saying that they don't care that I don't see, hear, or remember them!

"And so far life's been nothing but crap and I KEEP FORGETTING WHY I'M FEELING DEPRESSED and then my room keeps getting cold AND THERE ARE BLIZZARDS EVERYWHERE ALL THE TIME and NO MATTER WHAT I do to forget it all, it just KEEPS COMING BACK and I keep seeing two damn people I DON'T KNOW in my mirror AND I END UP CRYING FOR WHO KNOWS HOW LONG!"

After a ramble like that I left Jamie speechless. I stopped pacing around the room and I was just glaring at the mirror. They were there again. AGAIN! They looked sad, furious, and broken altogether. The short one in green was hugging the taller one, crying into his shoulder while the tall one in blue was trying to hold the tears back. His hand was on the mirror. I didn't know if Jamie could see it, but he was beginning to cry. The tall one in blue.

They were both trying to comfort each other and themselves. They probably thought: **\*\*\_We've failed\_\*\***. I wanted to tell them that they didn't fail anything, whatever it is they thought they failed at.

"Eli..."

"Why can't I remember anything?!" I cried. "What the hell is going on with my memory?! I know there are things I 'remember' in here that aren't real! I never lived with you my whole life, I never got adopted when I was alive, I know I died at some point so WHY AM I BACK ALIVE?! I should asked this months ago!"

**\*\*~Jack's PoV~\*\***

How hard was this? I had to try not to cry. I knew she could see me through the mirror somehow but she's not seeing the right thing. I'm alone. Hiccup's back at the cave. I'm alone here and I'm trying not to cry. Jamie's patting my hand reassuringly and I want to explain this all to Eli but I don't know myself. I wasn't the one kidnapped, I wasn't the one who was turned into a human. But I would've given anything to have taken Eli's place. Being confused is much better than having my daughter, the child I swore to protect, here as a human who can die just as easily as she could have when she was a spirit.

I kneeled in front of Eli and hugged her. All I was to her was the

cold in the room but that would be enough. It's better than her walking right through me. I could still hug her. I could still...

I let the tears finally fall. It began to snow in the room, and I let go of Eli.

"I'll come back for you, Eli, okay? I need to deal with something first, though..." And I left the room with Eli finally asleep in her bed and Jamie was closing the window and leaving the room.

It was time to go pay Pitch a visit.

## 6. Chapter 6

**\*\*Hi! I'm updating for no reason. Okay, I'm updating because it's a promise I made to Jack, I'm pretty sure I made that clear the first chapter I posted... \*\***

**\*\*Age: \*\***

**\*\*Eli - 12 8th grade graduate year \*\***

**\*\*Jamie - 13 8th grade graduate year\*\***

**\*\*Sophie - 7 1st grade Venite Elementary\*\***

**\* \* \***

><p>Mile Day Tuesday. I got 7:45 for my time. It was freezing outside, under 40 degrees but we were still supposed to run outside despite having a freaking gym. But okay, it was nice running in the cold anyways. People wore light clothing since they'd end up heating up from running for laps around a field that looked to be as big as a parking lot.<p>

I just sat down on the snowy ground (yes, it began to snow) and cooled off, which wasn't so hard to do considering I was in shorts and a light cloth shirt while it was snowing. In the summer.

I honestly didn't care about the weird weather, I was just glad it snowed on the last day of school. I'm pretty sure that besides a winter spirit there would at least be three other seasonal spirits so why did they let Old Man Winter ruin their seasons? And why is it just in Burgess?

Oh well, I don't have anything to do with it (or so I thought). Basically, I learned everything from Jamie. I know what my past is and sometimes I forget but that's really not much of a big deal. I was doing much better than last year, really. I knew who my parents were and I kinda felt bad for snapping at Jamie last year because now I know he was telling the truth.

But even knowing my past I never smiled all that often anymore. Sometimes Jamie would drag me to a party the popular people threw and I'd never ever want to go but Jamie's mother would never let me stay home. So I was forced to go. And this isn't one of those high school parties, I swear. Sure they'd have like games and music to dance to (and rootbeer to act drunk) and sometimes I'd take their rootbeer and most of the time drink it because there's no water in a party (why

the hell not?!) and gets really hot in there.

I was beginning to turn into a mortal version of my dad visually and personality wise I'd just be me (but I still loved having fun like Dad). I got straight A's in school, read more than a hundred books in a month (because let's face it, I had nothing else better to do in the orphanage the time I was alive the first time and all I ever did was play video games, draw, and read), and drew more than fifty pictures for extra credit in SS.

I was no teacher's pet, I'll tell you that. If they ever asked me to do something I'd be super reluctant (first acting like I didn't hear them) and if they ever called on me to answer a question I never spoke. I just stared back at them and waited for them to call on other students. They'd call out the highest scores in the class and I'd always go first but I'd try to at least go for second.

They kept calling me the good student, my social studies teacher especially. He kept saying I was calm and completely emotionless, always serious and working. This was Mr. Lunar. He was a new teacher to this school and for some reason, he always focused on me. Not in the bad way, it was always praising (and I soon got very annoyed with being praised), but after class he'd always keep telling me to watch my back, my time was coming. What an oracle.

Oh, by the way, this was 8th period. I had P.E 8th period. You'd think it'd be cool, right? 'cause I run before school ends, but it freaking sucks. Sometimes it'd be super hot and I'd still have to run (unless the P.E teachers are merciful that day). The last bell rang and I was rolling in the snow in my P.E clothes. My teachers were so sure that I was going to catch a cold (and they were almost right) but I was just burrowing my way through the snow (which was like 3 feet).

I had to change into my regular clothing but instead of wearing the jacket, I only wore my scarf and voodoo. That's it. I wore a short sleeved plain blue shirt and shorts and really furry cold boots. My hair was tied up to its normal style and, like I said, I looked like Dad. really, I did. Snow white hair, light blue eyes, pale as hell, the only thing was that I never smiled like him. If I did smile, it'd be because someone slipped on a trail of ice.

Jamie and I were currently walking home at the moment. His mother was at work and she trusted Jamie to "take care of me" while she was gone because he's the oldest. Well at least I'm not the youngest anymore. The wind blew in my face and while Jamie laughed and said, "Stop it, Jack" I just kinda scowled and pulled my hood up. I looked like Dad but I was the complete opposite of him. I was like the dark younger twin. I guess I confused Dad because usually I would laugh or something but today was different. I saw this as a way of saying "I'm home and you're here as a useless mortal" even though that isn't true.

He just wanted to make me feel like I was still a spirit like him, like I was at home with him and Mom and believe me, I'd give up anything just to be with them but I didn't know what to do. I had no answers at all! Two options, yes, but no answers. Nada. Dad said something about finding this Pitch guy (whoever the hell that is) and that just kinda set off more questions in my head.

"Eli?"

"I'm just frustrated, don't mind me," I muttered. And that was all true. I was, in fact, very frustrated. I wanted to go home. I really wanted to see my mom and dad again but how would I do that if I didn't know where this Pitch was? I was at a crossroads of confusion and I needed it to stop. Like right now.

"Jack said not to think about finding him," Jamie said out of the blue. "He's looking for another way to bring you back and he's not letting you take the two risky options."

"Hey, stabbing the voodoo in the heart wasn't a bad idea."

"It was your life force when you were a spirit. I'm pretty sure you wouldn't be able to come back if you stabbed it."

"It was my way to death when I was a spirit, too."

"Okay but what about finding Pitch? Tsar knows what he'd do if he finally got you on his side. We all know you'd do anything to get back home even if it means having to make a deal with the enemy." And all that was very much true. I would do anything to go back home and if making a deal with the enemy was an option I would take it without thinking over the risks.

He could say, "I want you to kill yourself after this fight" and I'd do it if it means being allowed to go back home at least for some time. Maybe it's not worth the eternity that may come for the last found option but so far that's the only one I got that may keep me alive. He could say, "I want you to stay here as my friend and ally forever" and I'd do it if it meant I was allowed to go home at least.

Maybe I wasn't thinking about how my father and mother would take it. No, I really wasn't thinking about how they'd take it. I just wanted to go home. I really wanted to just go home and sleep in my old room at the cave, be a Leo and make weapons, be a Jason and go flying, and I wanted to be a Nico and stay in the dark, play with the shadows like Colin did.

"He wouldn't kill me," I said simply. That stopped Jamie in his tracks. "He knows I'm my parents' weakness. And I know he knows that because I was the first target. I'm sure he'd be going after you or Sophie if he killed me but wouldn't they already be broken enough? Or so that's what I've learned after all the memories."

"How would you know if he wouldn't kill you?"

"Pitch, whoever the hell took me away, did not kill me the first time. I could be dead right now, that man had the power to kill me, he had my life force literally in his arms. He could've easily crushed it to tiny pieces of string and beads and poof, I'd be dead and gone. But instead, he turned me into a human."

"But that won't stop Pitch from killing you. If you make one step out of line he will kill you, I know that as a fact," Jamie growled.

"Then I'll just have to make sure I don't step out of line," I

replied. "I don't care what Dad says, I want to find this man and if the deal isn't too drastic, I'll make it."

"Eli, just wait a little longer. If Jack can't find anything you can go look for Pitch but \_only \_if you let us come with you."

"Fine, Mom, I'll let you tag along. But I'll be walking fast so you better keep up, got it?"

"What-" And I ran on home with Jamie laughing and trailing behind.

\* \* \*

><p>"Crap, Haru they're talking about us. SH! Haru! I'm trying to concentrate... Knight to queen four. Check. Haru this is checkers. I HATE YOU!" Jamie and I were currently watching the Free! Abridged series, 50% off... Well Jamie was. He was interested in the comedy in it and I just wanted to sleep. Seriously, the mile was tiring.<p>

"Eli, you could be Haru. You have an obsession with snow like he does with water, you're both sticks in the mud-"

"I love fun more than that branch in the swamp," I cut in. Jamie rolled his eyes but continued.

"And you both have deep voices!"

"I do not have a deep voice!" I snapped. "My voice just isn't high pitched like a normal girl's voice should."

"Basically you have a deep voice." I huffed but closed my eyes and sighed. "Fine, I have a deep voice. But only for this age apparently. As a child my voice was annoyingly high pitched, like a little male's voice. I don't know why."

"Maybe you were supposed to be born male," Jamie pondered.

"Jamie, usually I wouldn't care about that statement but I'm tired and feeling feminine so that is a temporary insult." Jamie only laughed. Well gee, thanks.

"Sorry, Eli. If you're feeling feminine, can I call you Ellie instead of Eli? Eli makes you sound like a male."

"Sure, sure, whatever. Call me Ellie. Do whatever you want."

"'kay, night, Ellie." I smiled but before I was allowed to drift into unconsciousness, Jamie spoke once more, "By the way, Jack said you're improving your sights so you're gonna be able to see him and Hiccup soon." I smiled at that and fell into a very peaceful dream (finally).

\* \* \*

><p>It was around 8 in the evening and Jamie was poking my side. Some guy was right next to him, smiling down at me and I was gonna hit him with a book. Now before you accuse me of forgetting again, I was tired and my mind doesn't really like to set itself straight when I just wake up so I have to kinda stare at a random object before



everything comes back to me.<p>

"Can you see him?" Jamie asked cautiously. I decided that I was going to act a little to make him freak out.

"You're being delusional," I said. Jamie looked dejected and as he turned around to talk to Dad, I waved and smiled. Dad just kinda stared at me while Jamie was pacing around the room trying to figure out what was wrong.

"I thought you said the next time she woke up she'd be able to see you! What happened?!" Dad laughed and hugged me like there was no tomorrow.

"I missed you, kid," Dad said. He sounded like his voice was cracking and I just sat there hugging Dad. Big family reunion... Kinda.

"I missed you, too, Dad." I closed my eyes and let the cold embrace me (as if that wasn't happening for a year). I missed Dad so damn much but I couldn't smile anymore. Just once and that's it. "Hey, Dad?"

"Hm?" Dad sounded really tired. No joke, his voice was really small.

"Love you."

End  
file.